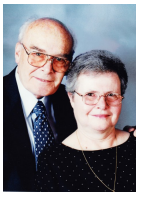
OBITUARY

Katalin and George Bajor



Katalin E. Bajor (February 18, 1939 – June 27, 2018) and George Bajor (January 1, 1933 – September 13, 2018)

Katalin Eva Schaffer Bajor (Kati, Kathy) was born in Budapest, Hungary to Jewish father Beno Schaffer and mother Terez Hohenberg Schaffer. Her mother died of pneumonia when Kathy was 4 years old, and in short time her father was taken away to a German concentration camp and was never heard from again. Kathy and her sister went to live with their mother's sister whose own husband and 16 year old son were also victims of the Holocaust.

George Bajor was also born in Budapest to Jewish parents, Elisabeth Sandicz Bajor and Erno Bajor. Though he did not lose a parent to death by a single violent act of the Holocaust, the family suffered through harrowing and life-altering times. Once, when Erno and Elisabeth were out for the evening, an air-raid siren sounded. Instead of running with the rest of the crowd toward the air-raid shelter, Erno ran in the other direction toward home to retrieve George who was about 13 years old. Erno's actions were interpreted to be those of a spy, and the next day he was taken prisoner. Fortunately, because a concentration camp official knew him, he was released. Later, however, he was arrested again and sent to the Austria-Hungary border to shovel snow. He and a couple of other prisoners escaped to a farm, taking shelter in a basement. The next morning they realized the Russian army had arrived. Because he had been imprisoned in a Russian prison for four years during World War I, he had learned enough Russian to speak to the soldiers. Once again he was released, but walked two hundred miles home, arriving barely alive. The trauma of these events led his wife Elisabeth to go blind. A disfiguring and unsuccessful surgery was performed. When her eyesight eventually returned, it was determined she had MS which eventually caused her death. George, as a young boy, wearing the yellow identifying star of "JEW", suffered the trauma of all these events.

As a young woman Kathy attended Donat Banki Technical College in Budapest where she earned a BS in Mechanical Engineering in 1958. She went on to earn a Master's degree in Mechanical Engineering at the Technical University of Budapest in 1969. Her career was spent working as a Mechanical Design Engineer (heating and air conditioning) in Budapest and various companies in Champaign, IL, Palm Bay and Melbourne, FL. George earned several degrees, culminating with a PhD in Physics, earned at the Leningrad Electrotechinal Institute (now St. Petersburg Electrotechnical University), speaking, reading and writing in the Russian language. On the day he successfully defended his dissertation, he phoned his father in Budapest and learned that John F. Kennedy had been assassinated. George was a professor at the Technical University of Budapest and at the University of Chicago at Champaign-Urbana. He spent the bulk of his career as a scientist with the Harris Corporation, where he worked with semi-conductors and was awarded 11 patents.

Kathy and George married September 16, 1969. Several years later George was granted a teaching position at the University of Illinois, Champaign—Urbana. They came to the US with two suitcases. Finding the freedom of living in the US to be something they desired over the oppression of their homeland, they made the decision to remain illegally in the US when George's work visa expired. Because it had been required that he be a member of the Communist Party for his work at the Technical University of Budapest, it took many years for him to attain American citizenship. One particular person at the Miami Citizenship and Immigration Office believed George to be a spy and repeatedly thwarted his efforts to become a citizen. George recalled sitting in a balcony, watching Kathy being sworn in as a citizen while he had been denied such. It took him 18 years, but with persistence he, too, became a US citizen.

They enjoyed many years in Florida before moving to Springmoor Retirement Community in July 2006.

While Kathy and George lived in Budapest their opportunity for travel was severely limited due to governmental restrictions. However, they began traveling in earnest once they moved to the US. They traveled worldwide, making at least one or two major trips every year for many, many years. Photography was a passion for Kathy, and these trips afforded endless opportunity for capturing the beauty of various cultures. While Kathy took still photos, George took videos. Upon return from each trip Kathy spent months developing beautiful DVD presentations complete with music and narration. These were shared with enthusiastic audiences at Springmoor as well as with family and other friends.

George was diagnosed with metastatic cancer in the fall of 2017. Kathy was diagnosed with metastatic ovarian cancer in February of this year. Though her physical decline was steady, her mind stayed sharp and her will strong. She faced her death with courage and peace. Her biggest regret was that she could no longer care for George. George deeply mourned Kathy's death, and was inconsolable. His death came as a relief to his mind and his body.

Kathy is survived by a sister and brother-in-law Zsuzsanna and Balintine Petro of Budapest. George has no surviving family. They were the treasured friends of and to many long-time Hungarian friends including friends still in Hungary and Dr. Denes Marton of San Antonia, TX, Dr. John Cillag of Berkley CA as well as Mary and Hugh Nicolay of Melbourne Village, FL, Carol Klein of Asheville, Carolyn (Candy) Hicks of Foxfire Village, NC, Marivic Gayden of Raleigh, Chaplain Phyllis Mayo and Social Workers Steve Mistretta and Kelli Sullivan of Springmoor Retirement Community, Raleigh, and other staff members and residents in the Springmoor community.

Kathy and George have been most grateful for the compassionate and skillful care of Cara Chiavola, their nurse from Transitions Life Care (hospice) of Raleigh. They have appreciated, in addition, all the care given them by the staff of Stewart Health Center as well as the Right at Home agency.

Memorial gifts may be made to: the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, 100 Raoul Wallenburg Pl., SW, Washington, DC 20024; or to Transitions Life Care (hospice) , 250 Hospice Circle, Raleigh, NC 27607. Arrangements with Mitchell Funeral Home in Raleigh, NC.

REMEMBERING

Katalin and George Bajor

FROM THE FAMILY



IN THE CARE OF

Mitchell Funeral Home at Raleigh Memorial Park
Raleigh, NC
919-783-7128

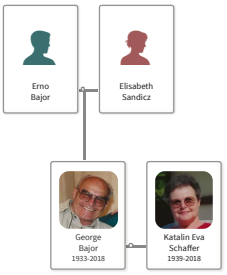
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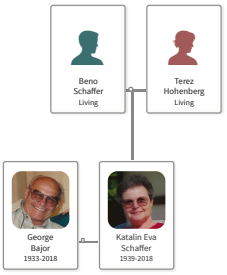
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Erno
Bajor
Elisabeth
Sandicz
George
Bajor
1933-2018
Katalin Eva
Schaffer
1939-2018


Beno
Schaffer
Living
Terez
Hohenberg
Living
George
Bajor
1933-2018
Katalin Eva
Schaffer
1939-2018

ancestry



Katalin Eva Schaffer

1939–2018

Katalin Eva Schaffer was born on February 18, 1939, in Budapest, Hungary, the daughter of Terez and Beno. She married George Bajor on September 16, 1969. She died on June 27, 2018, in Raleigh, North Carolina, at the age of 79.

No known children





18 FEB **1939**

Birth

Katalin Eva Schaffer was born on February 18, 1939, in Budapest, Hungary, to Terez Hohenberg and Beno Schaffer.

18 Feb 1939 • Budapest, Hungary

16 SEP **1969** AGE 30

Marriage

Katalin Eva Schaffer married George Bajor on September 16, 1969, when she was 30 years old.



George Bajor
1933–2018

16 09 1969

1983 AGE 44

Residence

Katalin Eva Schaffer lived in Melbourne, Florida, in 1983.

1983 • Melbourne, FL

27 JUN **2018** AGE 79

Death

Katalin Eva Schaffer died on June 27, 2018, in Raleigh, North Carolina, when she was 79 years old.

27 Jun 2018 • Raleigh, North Carolina

ancestry



George Bajor

1933–2018

George Bajor was born on January 1, 1933, in Budapest, Hungary, the son of Elisabeth and Erno. He married Katalin Eva Schaffer on September 16, 1969. He died on September 13, 2018, in Raleigh, North Carolina, at the age of 85.

No known children





1 JAN **1933**

Birth

George Bajor was born on January 1, 1933, in Budapest, Hungary, to Elisabeth Sandicz and Erno Bajor.

01 Jan 1933 • Budapest, Hungrary

16 SEP **1969** AGE 36

Marriage

George Bajor married Katalin Eva Schaffer on September 16, 1969, when he was 36 years old.



Katalin Eva Schaffer
1939–2018

16 09 1969

27 JUN **2018** AGE 85

Death of Wife

His wife Katalin Eva passed away on June 27, 2018, in Raleigh, North Carolina, at the age of 79. They had been married 48 years.



Katalin Eva Schaffer
1939–2018

27 Jun 2018 • Raleigh, North Carolina

13 SEP **2018** AGE 85

Death

George Bajor died on September 13, 2018, in Raleigh, North Carolina, when he was 85 years old.

13 Sep 2018 • Raleigh, North Carolina

Photo Album for George Bajor

George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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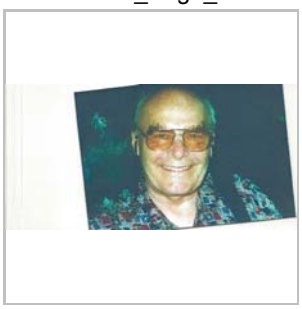
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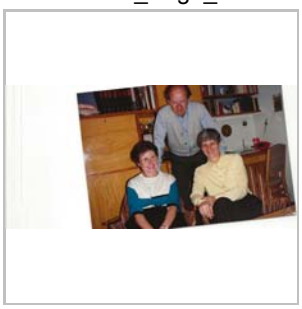
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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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George Bajor

Birth:	01 Jan 1933	Father:	Erno Bajor
Death:	13 Sep 2018	Mother:	Elisabeth Sandicz
Marriage:	16 09 1969	Spouse:	Katalin Eva Schaffer



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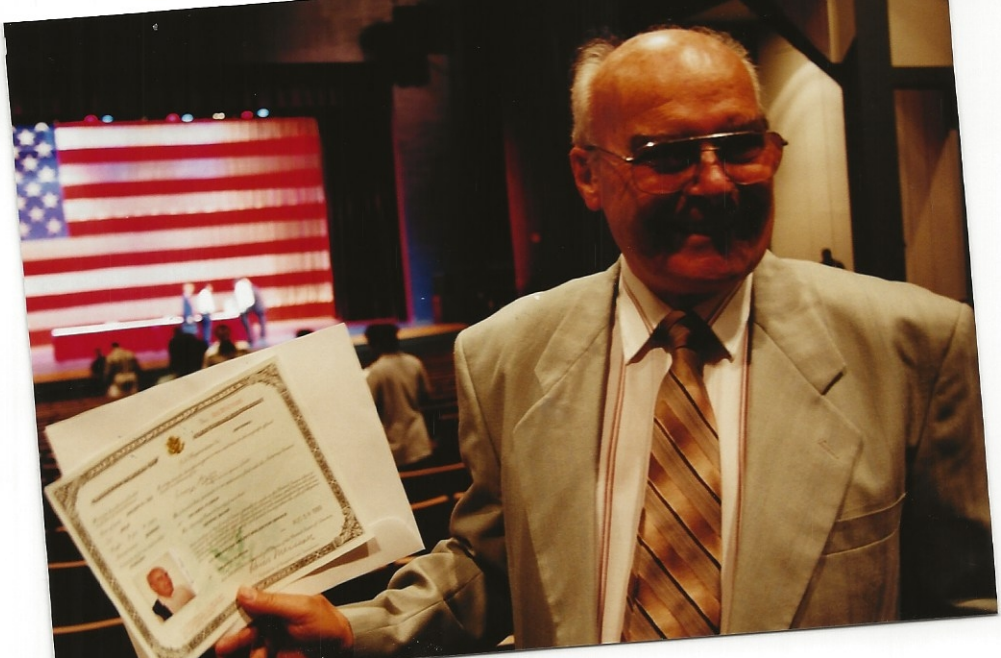



















h 190 Popular








HAPPY




Happy Anniversary!
HAPPY
ANNIVERSARY








RMSC
Germantown






















10 23 '92


WE DID IT!
WE DID IT!
WE DID IT!


WE DID IT!
WE DID IT!
WE DID IT!


10 23 92




















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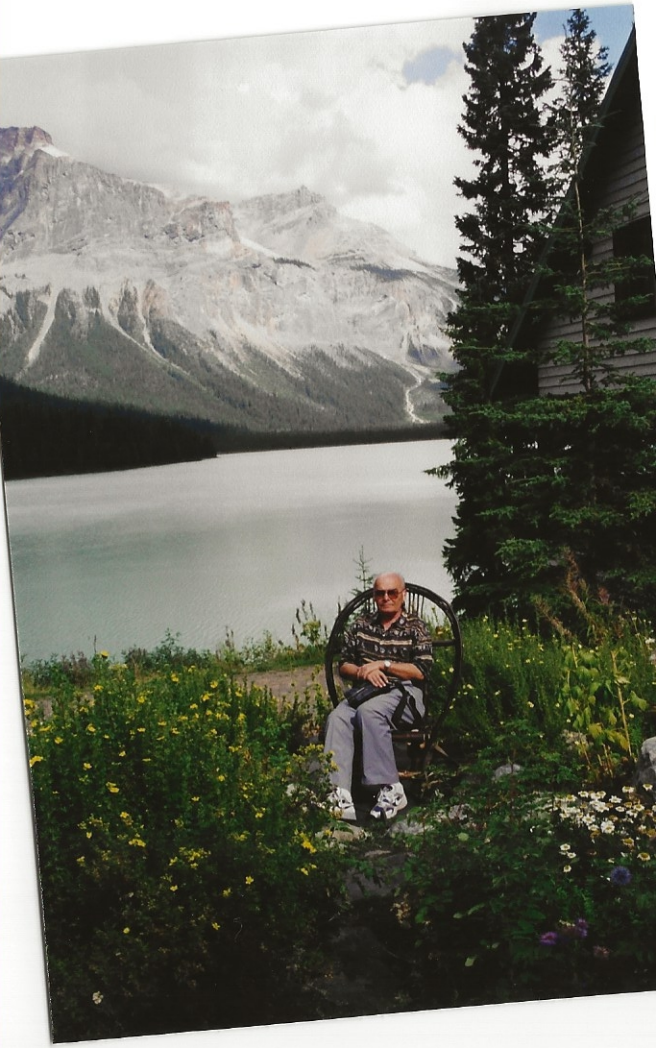



4 10 '87

BARNIE'S
COFFEE & TEA
















GOLDEN TRIANGLE




TOBLERONE




2020









世界人民大团


















GEORGE BAJOR


CANON














9 29 '95


9 29 '95






1 16 '98


AutoCAD
OFFICE
EXCEL


JANUARY
MADD
80
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'96 10 7


'97 5 17


'97 5 12








'97 5 12






96 10 7


NEW ORLEANS
LOUISIANA




22






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304








10 24 92











GEORGE BAJOR

PATENT 4,606,936
STRESS FREE DIELECTRIC
ISOLATION TECHNOLOGY
08/19/86

PATENT NO. 5,382,541
METHOD FOR FORMING
RECESSED OXIDE ISOLATION
CONTAINING DEEP AND
SHALLOW TRENCHES
01-17-95

PATENT #4,670,970
METHOD FOR MAKING A
PROGRAMMABLE VERTICAL
SILICIDE FUSE
06-09-87

PATENT NO. 5,395,774
METHODS FOR FORMING A
TRANSISTOR HAVING AN EMITTER
WITH ENHANCED EFFICIENCY
03-07-95

PATENT #4,771,016
USING A RAPID THERMAL
PROCESS FOR MANUFACTURING
A WAFER BONDED SOI
SEMICONDUCTOR
09-13-88

PATENT NO. 5,504,033
METHOD FOR FORMING RECESSED
OXIDE ISOLATION CONTAINING
DEEP AND SHALLOW TRENCHES
(AS AMENDED)
04/02/96

PATENT NO. 4,897,362
DOUBLE EPITAXIAL METHOD OF
FABRICATING SEMICONDUCTOR
DEVICES ON BONDED WAFERS
01-30-90

PATENT NO. 5,603,779
BONDED WAFER AND METHOD
OF FABRICATION THEREOF
02/18/97

PATENT NO. 4,900,689
METHOD OF FABRICATION OF
ISOLATED ISLANDS FOR
COMPLEMENTARY BIPOLAR DEVICES
02-13-90

PATENT NO. 5,633,180
METHOD OF FORMING P-TYPE
ISLANDS OVER P-TYPE
BURIED LAYER
05/27/97

PATENT NO. 5,028,973
BIPOLAR TRNSISTOR WITH
HIGH EFFICIENT EMITTER
07-02-91




'97 5 17

If I Should Go

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known
Weep if you must
Parting is hell
But life goes on
So sing as well.

by Joyce Grenfell

Farewell My Friends

It was beautiful as long as it lasted, the journey of my life.
I have no regrets whatsoever, save the pain I'll leave behind.

Those dear hearts who love and care and the strings pulling at the heart and soul,
the smile in spite of a lump in the throat, the strong arms that held me up
when my own strength let me down, each morsel that I was fed with
was full of love.

At every turning of my life I came across good friends,
friends who stood by me
even when the time raced me by.

Farewell, farewell my friends
I smile and bid you goodbye.
No, shed no tears, for I need them not.
All I need is your smile.

If you feel sad, do think of me, for that is what I'll like.
When you live in the hearts of those you love
remember then, you never die.

by Gitanjali Ghei

Remembering
Katalin Eva Schaffer "Kathy" Bajor

February 18, 1939 – June 27, 2018

Ecclesiastes 3

selected verses

For everything there is a season,
and a time for every matter under heaven:
A time to be born and a time to die;
A time to weep and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn and a time to dance…
God has made everything suitable for its time…
I know that there is nothing better
for God's people than to be happy
and enjoy themselves as long as they live.
Whatever God does endures forever;
nothing can be added or taken away.
God has done this so that everyone
should stand in awe before him.

May 13, 2019

Dear Mary and Hugh,

Next week, on Thursday, May 23 at 3:00 p.m., we will have our Annual Memorial Service at Springmoor. Each year we remember those who have died in the previous year, usually from early April to late March. So, of course, that means Kathy and George are both on the list for this year. I remember last year as I was preparing the service thinking that they would be on the list this year, but it still seems unreal in a way. The time has flown by and so often when I pass the room they occupied in the Health Center, I have to pause for a moment and remember that I will not find them there. One happy note… the people who moved from a Springmoor apartment into Kathy and George's house are very happy there. They have done a lot of yard work, and did a few updates inside. That makes me happy.

I am enclosing the program from the service next week together with a copy of the script I have written for the service. It is something I "enjoy" doing because it gives me an opportunity to think about each person and who they were. We have some incredibly interesting people here (as you no doubt do in your community as well). But it is in remembering the relationships that I find most meaning. And so of course I am especially remembering Kathy and George this year.

I am so happy that you want the boxes of pictures. When they were moving to the Health Center, they had no interest in any possessions except the computers, beds, clothes. But I could not stand for Kathy's pictures to be just thrown away. So they agreed for me to take them. There were probably 15-20 pictures albums, and then these boxes that I am sending you. The albums were quite unwieldy so I disassembled them and put the pictures into some nice boxes that enables me to keep them better. But there are few photos of them (mostly places they traveled). In the end George lamented that Kathy would never let him take pictures of her…. And indeed there were

many of him and so few of her. But I do have a few good ones of her. The ones you will be receiving are a mixture of travel and personal photos. I have looked through some of them and think you will be pleased to see them, as some of them show time shared with you.

I will forever be affected by my relationship with them. And I will be "processing" a lot of it for a long time. Lots of questions. Lots of thoughts about what they suffered in their early lives. And especially the fact that we had such a close relationship given the wide chasm of belief about God. ---- or maybe that IS why we had the relationship… at least I like to think it is a possibility. Or maybe, Mary, I reminded Kathy of you in some way. I would be very flattered to think that.

Anyway, I just wanted to send the program to you. Perhaps you can find time that afternoon to sit quietly and read along as we are gathered here.

I don't know when I'll get the boxes of pictures shipped. I will have to enlist someone to go to the post office with me to help. I'll shoot you an email when they are on the way. I checked prices, and it seems that the USPS flat-rate boxes will be least expensive. I am happy to do it!

Take good care, and enjoy those around you who love and care about you. I know you are a blessing to many.

Fondly… and with blessings,

Phyllis



I. PRELUDE --- harp --- ***Larghetto***
from Concerto in B-flat, Op.4, No. 6
George Frederic Handel

II. A READING --- *My Cocoon* **Sue Monk Kidd**

In her autobiographical book <u>When the Heart Waits,</u> South Carolina writer Sue Monk Kidd tells of a life-giving discovery made on a cold winter's day.

"It was February, when the earth of South Carolina seems mired in the dregs of winter. I burrowed into the wind, my head down. I happened to look up again as I passed beneath the branches of a dogwood tree, and my eyes fell upon a curious little appendage suspended from a twig just over my head.

I kept walking. *No, stop…look closer.* …I backed up and looked again…took one step toward it, then two… *I had come upon a cocoon.*

I took my forefinger and touched the bottom tip of the tiny brown chrysalis… I broke the twig from the limb and carried the chrysalis home. …This was *my* cocoon. Back home I carefully taped the twig with the cocoon to the branch of a crab-apple tree in my backyard. Then I went inside. ……

On the eve of the spring equinox the sky turned charcoal gray and the trees in the backyard began to swirl. I looked at the crab-apple tree. My cocoon swung precariously on the limb where I'd taped it. I ran to the tree. Unwinding the tape, I carried the little cocoon

inside… For lack of a better place, I stuck the twig on which the cocoon was attached in a pot of African violets. I returned to my writing but I couldn't concentrate. I found myself staring at the chrysalis, this lump of brown silence. It overwhelmed me with its simple truth. ***A creature can separate from an old way of existence, enter a time of metamorphosis, and emerge to a new level of being.*** **……**

I awoke early one August morning and went to my study. The room was still, the silence thick…I became aware of something or someone else in the room. Something different – a faint rustling, a soft presence. Then all at once I knew. I raised my eyes to the pot of African violets. Sure enough, protruding above the rim of the pot – a wing – a startling black wing etched with blue and orange…swaying back and forth. ***The chrysalis had opened. A butterfly!!***

For a long time I watched. She made no attempt to fly. She just sat on the soil, pumping her wings…readying herself for her new life. I picked up the pot and carried it to the backyard. She moved from one leaf to another until she was at the top of the plant. She perched there for a moment… Then she flew.

As I watched her black wings dip and flutter, a verse moved in my thoughts. "Behold, I make all things new."

III. INTRODUCTION TO HYMN
(*"Hymn of Promise"*)

"Hymn of Promise" **celebrates things transformed and made new ……. endings and beginnings.**

The words are found on the center page of your program. Please <u>stand</u> and let us sing together.

<u>ASK AUDIENCE TO SIT DOWN AFTER HYMN.</u>

Phyllis -- <u>DO NOT</u> -- sit.

<u>"WELCOME" IS NEXT.</u>

NEXT PAGE

IV. WELCOME

Welcome to this SERVICE OF ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS. We've come today to remember and celebrate the lives of the Springmoor residents who have died since early April 2018. Perhaps you have already counted the names on the list – there are 56. Fifty-six people who were special to us… important in our lives… people we loved… who loved us… family members, friends and neighbors.

You come from different places and with different relationships to these we remember. You are husbands, wives, sons and daughters, grandchildren, nieces and nephews, neighbors and friends. Some of you have been in this auditorium many times over the past year but come today with the special joy of honoring your loved one. Others are coming back to Springmoor for the first time since your loved one died, and you are happy, *yet sad*, to be here. Those who are Springmoor friends and neighbors are here because they miss the fellowship of being with these particular friends, and this is one more way to recall their lives.

We have lumps in our throats… Yet we *must* be here. We are drawn by the love we have shared with these we remember --- and so today, as families, friends, neighbors, we come as witnesses to that love.

I am glad that we can be together for this hour… to remember, to laugh, perhaps to cry…but most of all to celebrate the lives of these friends and loved ones….as we think of *endings and beginnings.* Again, welcome.

PHYLLIS -- SIT DOWN

V. MUSIC --- harp --- *Dance of the Blessed Spirits*
Christophe Gluck

VI. A READING *The Rhythm of Gift and Loss*
From The Losses of Our Lives by Nancy Copeland-Payton

"The rhythm of gift and loss...begins with our birth and overarches our lives until our last breath. ... Along the way, we learn that for anything new to be born, something else must die. Life can be walked with gently cupped hands that allow us to let go of outgrown or passing gifts and to receive new ones.

There is an art to holding the things of life loosely, letting them flow into and out of our lives without painful grasping. Even our long-term relationships continually require us to let go to enable growth and new ways of relating. Again and again, like the repeating cycles of passing seasons, we learn to let go. And in the loss, we receive new gifts.

"It seems incomprehensible at the time, but in our deepest loss, as we let go of the physical presence of our loved ones and reweave them into our lives anew, daffodils continue to bloom, people still love us, rain falls, and everyday gifts are still given."

VII. A TIME OF REMEMBRANCE

How often in reflecting on the lives of loved ones who have died do you do so with the thought of just how intertwined your lives have been? You remember, perhaps, how you met… the early years of your lives and the first things you did together… the occasions spent around the family table: Sunday lunch, birthday celebrations , special holidays. You recall times of side-splitting laughter -- and moments of tears. You remember the hard times and the times of great joy. A lesson learned … a heavy load shared. Captured in your minds, just a vividly as the photographs in your albums, are the images of life shared together. Life made better, richer, stronger, more loving because of these relationships.

It is impossible to live any kind of "truly good life" that is not a "shared life". Shared in marriage, shared in family, shared in the deep bonds of friendship. For it is really true that "no man is an island". We cannot get for ourselves everything we need in life. We must depend on those around us to enlarge us… to make us more than we could ever be on our own.

The people we remember today gave much to this world. They gave much to those in whose circles they traveled and whose paths they crossed. Many touched the lives of people whose names they never knew. They gave much to you…they gave much to me.

Let's look and remember with deep gratitude who they were.

They were wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, grandparents, aunts, uncles, best friends, dinner companions, neighbors.

They were indeed a hearty bunch. Of these 56 people, five were in their 70's, 19 people were in the 80's and 32 of them (more than half) were 90 plus years old!! And almost half of those were men… 90…. 91… 94… 96… 97….! But I must mention here that one gentle---man, Dr. Richard "Dick" Loeppert, was 104 years, 7 months old… and still quite sharp.
Some were taken too early by disease or sudden illness. Some were sharp of mind and frail of body, while others were weak of mind and memory.

They were bold and fearless. Modest and gentle. Proud and unwavering. Dutiful and caring. Willful yet open-minded. Curious and scholarly. Neighborly and kind-hearted. Faithful and honorable. Willing and generous. Wise and funny. They worked hard, played fairly, lived passionately, loved deeply. They experienced joy beyond measure and the depths of grief and sorrow.

Beloved physician. Hospital administrator. Architect. Career Navy Nurse. West Point graduate and Air Force Colonel. Phy-si-cist with 11 patents. Engineers including at least one female engineer.World news correspondent who interviewed heads of state all over the world including China's Chairman Mao.

She was a Southern belle mother who raised five sons. She was not only a beloved wife and mother at home,

but a much adored teacher for the hundreds and hundreds of music students she mentored.

This husband and wife survived the Holocaust, eventually becoming US citizens and making meaningful contributions to their *new* homeland.

He was a member of the Queen's royal color guard.

She was a masterful needlework artist. He loved photography and then sharing his work with family and friends. Some had garden plots where the soil was lovingly tilled and the tomatoes and cucumbers were grown for the sole purpose of sharing with neighbors.

He had a great sense of humor and loved to tell jokes and tall tales – the cornier the better.

She was always interested in the other person: "Now tell me, dear, what's going on with you?"

Some had "style" while others were content with the simplest of things. They served on school boards and committees, and were members of too many clubs and associations to name.

They pledged allegiance to the flag of the United States of America --- <u>and</u> --- to NC State, Carolina, Duke, and the list of schools and teams goes on and on.

He was an Agriculture Extension Agent who in his young years learned <u>*the hard way*</u> how to de-horn a bull.

She was a faithful church worker who never passed up an opportunity for service. He lived his faith at home and at work.

They took delight in teaching children and mentoring young professionals, AND they continued to love learning throughout their lives.

He was the seventh recipient of a kidney transplant in the U.S. and lived 52 years beyond that to tell the story. Many were volunteers... working and productive long after retirement.

They were Christians, Jews, and Buddhists.

When asked to state how she saw herself, she said, "I'm a child of God."

They were devoted to worship… They attended church and Sunday School and Temple as long as they could, and then many had their own favorite seats right here in this Auditorium for Vespers every Sunday evening, ….even one of our dear Jewish friends. She worked at Vespers and Memorial Services (including this one) at every opportunity… always reliable and never missing a chance to be helpful. Together with his wife, they were responsible for starting the Springmoor Sunday Class.

They were career women and homemakers. Good cooks and seamstresses. Dear, sweet mothers, <u>and</u> those who cracked the whip. Great dads who loved their daughters and, by example, taught their sons to be gentlemen.

They supported the arts and were enriched by them: opera, jazz, museums, choral and band music, the North Carolina Symphony, Carolina Ballet, and Raleigh Little Theater.
They were hunters and fishermen, sailors, golfers, poker and tennis players, baseball players, basketball and football fans.
Bridge players and more bridge players.
They were inventors and tinker-ers. They loved the beach and the mountains and traveled the world.

They loved their pets, were committed to PTA, enjoyed stamp collecting and puzzles. Some were meek and mild, and others knew how to work a room. They were sticklers for good manners. Some had "style", and others had great big smiles and raucous laughs, and gentle hearts open to friends and strangers alike.

At Springmoor we knew one or two of them for thirty years or more, many for twenty-somethings years, and others for only a few years or even months. They cherished their friendships and flourished here.

And so it goes … on and on and on. We can't tell it all. There is too much. Their lives were too rich and full of activity and meaning and to capture it all here. They were – indeed – a part of us. They loved and blessed us. And today we remember and honor them with our presence and with our love.

I invite you to refer to your program now as I read the names of the Springmoor residents who have died since April 2018.

As I read the names,
remember them,
remember their contributions to your lives
and to this world,
remember their love
and offer a prayer of thanksgiving.

As I read the name of each person,
if you are a family member,
a family representative,
or special friend,
please stand briefly.

READ NAMES

list attached ⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨
⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨

"PLEASE STAND FOR THE PRAYER OF REMEMBRANCE"

VIII. PRAYER OF REMEMBRANCE

God our Creator and Lover of our souls, we come in humble thanks for your generous and precious gifts of life and love, and for beginnings which come after endings.

You have been our dwelling place through all generations. You are our fountain of blessing, our promise and our hope.

With a Father's heart you created us
to honor our fathers and mothers,
to live in peace with our brothers and sisters,
to respect and treasure our friends,
to extend our hands to neighbors and strangers alike,
and to reach out our arms to the suffering.

Thank you for making the world a place in which we must share life, and love and respect each other to survive.

We thank you especially for the dear friends and loved ones we remember today.
For the work of their hands,
the generosity of their spirits,
the dedication of their lives,
the love of their hearts.

We pray you, O Lord, grant them peace and eternal joy in your presence.

For those who sorrow here, restore the lingering light of love, the joy of human relationship, the comfort of your divine presence and the eternal wonder of your holy promise.

With grateful hearts and minds we pray. Amen.

<u>* "PLEASE BE SEATED"---Phyllis SIT too. ***</u>**

IX. MUSIC --- harp --- ***"Morning Has Broken"/ "On Eagles Wings"***

X. A READING -- ***Together in Stillness***

Sue Monk Kidd

One afternoon as the children watched television and I folded laundry, we heard a terrible thud against the patio door. I turned around to see blue wings falling to the ground. A bird had flown into the glass.

None of us said a word. … we crept to the door and went outside. I half expected the bird to be dead, but she wasn't. She was stunned and her right wing was a little lopsided, but it didn't look broken.

The bird sat perfectly still, her eyes tiny and afraid. She looked so fragile and alone that I sat down beside her. I reached out my little finger and brushed her wing.

A voice came from behind me. "Why doesn't she fly off, Mama?"

"She's hurt," I said. "She just needs to be still."

We watched her. We watched her stillness. Finally the children wandered back to the television, satisfied that nothing was going to "happen" for a while. But I couldn't leave her.

I studied the bird, deeply impressed that she seemed to know instinctively that in stillness is healing.

The door opened again. "Is she finished being still yet?" my daughter asked.

"No, not yet," I said. We went on waiting together. Twenty minutes. Thirty. Fifty.

Finally she was finished being still. She cocked her head to one side, lifted her wings, and flew. The sight of her flying made me catch my breath. From the corner of my eye I saw her shadow move along the ground and cross over me. Then I picked myself up and went back to folding laundry.

I have regrets in life, but waiting with the wounded bird isn't one of them.

XI. WORDS OF ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

We live in a world of birds and butterflies. We catch our breath when we see butterflies flitting about and, as children, we chase after them. As adults we learn that if we are very, very still and very patient, perhaps… just perhaps… one might come and light on our shoulder. We see so many birds in this part of the world, we may take them for granted. But, oh, to hear one sing early in the springtime is to be reminded again of the wonder of God's creation.

The butterfly is a particular enigma. How can a creature of such beauty, so delicate and light, come from a crawly, squirmy, fuzzy caterpillar?..... But it is the transition-stage that really gives us pause. The chrysalis … or cocoon.

The caterpillar, though unattractive, has, at least, been alive. But the cocoon appears *so dead.* Brown. No movement…Just hanging there…For a long time… How could it *become* anything else? How could it possibly be transformed into something light and airy and free?

The caterpillar – cocoon – butterfly metamorphosis is a stunningly beautiful microcosm of human life, death and resurrection… of endings and beginnings.

***Think for a moment, if you can, like a caterpillar.* If one could get into the mind of a caterpillar, we might find him or her to be fairly content…. eating, crawling, eating a little more, basking in the sun. After all isn't**

that what caterpillars are for? Why it's absolutely silly to imagine thinking of being something else. Once a caterpillar always a caterpillar… Right?

Well, no. … *We* know there is more to a caterpillar than that. *We* know the caterpillar will become a butterfly. But… does the caterpillar know? Probably not.

And it is the same with us. We are people… content to live our lives as people. Happy, for the most part, to be who we are, doing what we do, just living our lives. Why think of being something else or something more? Once a human being living on this earth always a human being living on this earth… Right?

Well, again, no. We know, as humans, we will not live forever. We know our lives are limited to, as the Bible says, 70 years or 80 if we have the strength, or in this present day and culture to 90 or more than 100.

So are we any better off than the caterpillars? Or than the bird who is flying along and suddenly slams into the window?

Indeed we are! If God cares for the birds and butterflies does he not care more for us? If there is something beyond the life of the caterpillar is there not something beyond the life of a human? I would say "yes".

But the thing we must remember and confront is the time of transition … the time of metamorphosis --- the change.

That is why we are here today…. because there IS a time of transition …as with the caterpillar – cocoon – butterfly.

We have known and loved these 56 humans we remember today. For we are humans too. But they have moved beyond, to something else. They have gone to the unknown darkness of the cocoon. We have seen their cocoons. And they were very still. And we have no way of knowing what it is like inside those cocoons, for we have not yet been there.

<u>But</u> we have hope. For <u>we know</u> of butterflies. <u>And</u> we know of God's promise.

T.S. Eliot writes, "Except for the still point, there would be no dance."

There comes a time when all our activity must cease. And we must be still… and in that stillness we must be willing to dissolve and be transformed into something new.

- **For the caterpillar, the stillness of the cocoon is necessary so the body can be utterly changed and the wings can develop.**
- **For the bird that crashed into the window, the stillness is necessary so she can regain her equilibrium and fly again.**

-- **For the person who has lived out his or her life, the stillness of death must come so he or she may be transformed into the <u>new</u> <u>and</u> <u>beautiful</u> creature God <u>alone</u> can see.**

Remember… the caterpillar never new just how beautiful she would become.

We… you and I… can --- with joy --- survive and even embrace this time of <u>their</u> transition because they, like us, were created by the God who creates butterflies, the God of endings….. AND beginnings.

XII. INTRODUCTION OF HYMN

(Sing with All the Saints in Glory)

"Please stand and join in the singing of the hymn, "Sing with All the Saints in Glory"

<u>DO NOT ASK THEM TO BE SEATED</u>

Benediction is next.

"Following the Benediction, you are invited to remain for refreshments and a time of fellowship. And again, thank you for coming to share in this service."

XIII. BENEDICTION

As we depart this place

to go our separate ways,

remember that you are *yet* mortal.

As you encounter endings,

know that death has not a chance of winning.

Therefore, go with peace in your hearts

and joy in your lives.

Give thanks for those we have remembered today,

and rejoice that *they have been transformed.*

Inspire hope in others and spread joy.

In the stillness of your lives,

watch and listen for God's holy promises,

for new beginnings.

As love has come to you, share it with others.

Go in love. Go in peace. Go in joy.

AMEN.

A Service of

Endings and Beginnings

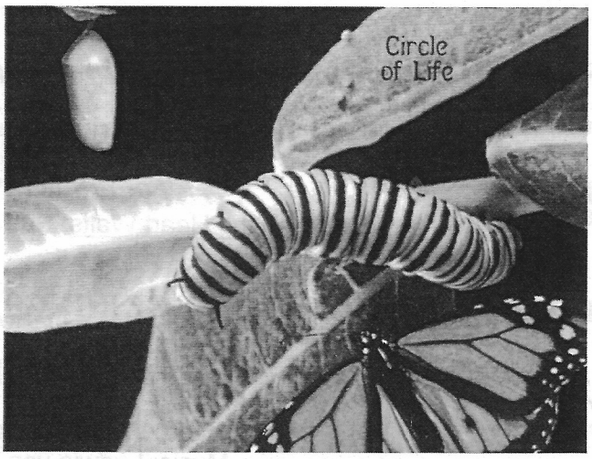
in Memory of

Springmoor Residents

May 23, 2019

3:00 pm

Springmoor Auditorium



Nature is bent on
new beginning.

PRELUDE *Larghetto*
from *Concerto in B-flat, Op. 4, No. 6*
George Frederic Handel

A READING *My Cocoon*
from When the Heart Waits, Sue Monk Kidd

HYMN *Hymn of Promise*
Natalie Sleeth

WELCOME

MUSIC *Dance of the Blessed Spirits*
Christophe Gluck

A READING *The Rhythm of Gift and Loss*
from The Losses of Our Lives, Nancy Copeland-Payton

A TIME OF REMEMBRANCE

A PRAYER OF REMEMBRANCE

MUSIC *Morning Has Broken/On Eagles Wings*
Traditional Gaelic Melody Michael Joncas

A READING *Together in Stillness*
from When the Heart Waits, Sue Monk Kidd

WORDS OF ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

HYMN *Sing with All the Saints in Glory*
(adapted) Words: William J. Irons
Music: Ludwig van Beethoven

BENEDICTION

PHYLLIS MAYO, CHAPLAIN
ANITA BURROUGHS-PRICE, HARPIST
SUE PAULI, PIANIST

HYMN OF PROMISE

In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed an apple tree;
In cocoons, a hidden promise: butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody;
There's a dawn in every darkness, bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future; what it holds a mystery,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity;
In our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

SING WITH ALL THE SAINTS IN GLORY

Sing with all the saints in glory, sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, Adam's story, to the former days belong.
All around the clouds are breaking, soon the storms of time
shall cease.
In God's presence we, awaking, know the everlasting peace.

Life eternal! Heaven rejoices! O what wonders, joys unknown!
When beyond earth's fearsome thunders, we shall stand before
the Throne.
O to enter that bright portal, with the saints of every age.
Bow to Thee, O God Immortal, singing everlasting praise!



And death has not

In Memory Of

Frances G. Marley
Rebecca K. Caison
Montgomery T. Speir
Hal W. Canary
James A. Croom
Anthony B. Manzi
Elizabeth B. Gibbs
William M. Lewis
Katalin S. Bajor
Allen M. Woods
Dominick F. Gagliardo
Joan W. Smith
Edward A. Rick
Joseph J. O'Connor
Thomas B. Hofeller
John R. Willis
Albert M. Jenkins
Nancy H. Shaw
Bernard D. Lieberman
John C. Geiger
Corinne R. Heck
William W. Blackburn
George Bajor
Christine M. King
Dewey G. Harwood
Curtis Freeze
Ronald Stallings
Joan E. Carr
Richard H. Loeppert
Mary Leah T. Williamson
Eleanor K. Roberts
Ruthe R. Harrill
B. William Mader
Sibylla T. Alexander
Mary H. Smith
William B. Lucas
Charles F. Glover
Jane A. Wilmot
Barbara B. Darling
William H. Correll
Jean E. Potter
Ruby M. Brooks
Peggy B.Collins
Harry J. Trimborn
Katherine S. Hunter
Hilda L. Thompson
June G. Hammes
Silas E. O'Quinn
Dorothy A. Smith
Albert L. Morris
Carl D. Parker
Mary R. O'Neal
David M. Cates
Laverne W. Pendergrass
Jane R. Burris
Jeanne B. Hoft

a chance of winning.

Rosy Cole

Here the whole world (stars, water, air,
And field, and forest, as they were
Reflected in a single mind)
Like cast off clothes was left behind
In ashes, yet with hopes that she,
Re-born from holy poverty,
In lenten lands, hereafter may
Resume them on her Easter Day.

Epitaph of Joy Davidman Lewis
- C.S. Lewis

God does not create a longing
or a hope without having
a fulfilling reality ready for them.
But our longing is our pledge,
and blessed are the homesick,
for they shall come home. - Isak Dinesen

The butterfly, its wings having been strengthened by the struggle to exit the cocoon, gracefully emerged from its chrysalis and took flight, headed for a world more loving and glorious than we can imagine.

- D. Brooks Cowan

"My life is drawing to a close. I know that,
I feel it. But I also feel every day that is left to me how my earthly life is already in touch with a new, infinite, unknown but fast approaching future life, the anticipation of which sets my soul trembling with rapture, and my mind glowing, and my heart weeping with joy."

- Fyodor Dostoevsky
from *The Brothers Karamazov*